

almost crumbled to the ground. But the chapel, somewhat looking modernized, is still in use, and religious services are held there regularly.

The San Francisco de la Espada Mission is on the opposite side of the river from San Juan. It seems never to have been very prosperous, and to-day is a pile of ruins.

In 1734 a company of Franciscan monks from Santa Fe established the San Saba Mission, on the river to which it gave its name, in what is now Menard County. Says a historian: "The mission was doing well, and the Fathers were encouraged to hope for the speedy Christianization of the numerous and warlike Comanches who maintained friendly relations with them." But just when hope was brightest in their hearts, and seemed near fulfillment, a blow fell that crushed out everything in death. In 1752 a silver mine was discovered near the mission. This drew a number of reckless adventurers to the place, and some of them quarreled with the Indians, and at a time, too, when the few soldiers were absent from the fort. The old savage instincts of the Comanches were aroused, and, forgetting all the self-sacrificing labors of the Fathers, they fell upon them and put them all to death, not even sparing the domestics.

The last mission established in Texas was at Refugio, in 1790.

Besides the missions which have been briefly mentioned, there are ruins

of such all over the State, many of them without a name, and all of them without a history. It is only too probable that many of these shared the same fate as that which overtook the San Saba Mission, and that none were left to carry the tale of suffering and martyrdom to the outside world.

Looking over these ruins the thinking mind naturally assumes a contemplative mood. Through the centuries it wanders back to that day when the founders of these missions went forth from the shelter of their cells, scholarly and refined, shining lights in the old civilization, ready and eager to forsake all, with their lives in their hands, as it were, ready to give them up that others might live; laboring night and day, suffering every privation—hunger and thirst, heat and cold—exposed to the storms, to fire and flood, and a thousand savage foes lurking in the shadows of the night. How great must have been their courage! how deep must have been their devotion to the cause of humanity! and what glorious victories were theirs over the powers of darkness! The heathen Manitous were shattered into dust, and in their places temples were reared to the Living God. After the dawn came morning; after the morning, day, and in its splendor they pressed onward, ever onward, to where night and darkness shall overtake them nevermore.

JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

SALVE REGINA.

By HENRY COYLE.

Through all the pain and care of life,
Be near me ever to defend;
In all temptation, storm and strife,
Thou art, indeed, the sinner's friend!

O help me to be brave and true,
To bear and do from day to day,
That I may fearlessly pursue
God's will, and His behest obey.

And be my path on rough or smooth,
It matters not if thou are near
To shield from harm, my pain to soothe—
With faith in God I shall not fear.

From sinking in the angry wave,
From wrecking on a rock-bound strand,
Thou art a Pilot that can save,
O guide us with Thy loving hand!